

it is hard to understand all that has happened. you feel suddenly very old and nobody seems to want to listen to you. the savior is gone. his knapsack is missing. only the sex books remain. you page through them slowly. the cocks and cunts are all familiar. you stop at the picture of a middle-aged woman sucking off a german shepherd. she seems like an old friend. you stare at her for a long time. after a while her mouth begins to move.

the apple is bitter. you throw it to the ground. the floor is littered with half eaten fruit. you don't know any better. the dreams are only half-formed. nothing tastes exactly right. your back itches and you can't quite scratch it. flute music drifts across the room. it relaxes you but your erection won't go away. you prefer the music the water pipes make late at night when someone on another floor turns the faucet. the record ends and your back still itches. or there never really was a record, but someone has closed the window. she tells you she doesn't like flute music and gently strokes your erection. there is of course only one ending, but you already know the apples are bitter, and besides

-- Bob Heman

Brooklyn NY

IN A BAR

In Albuquerque
with
a naked girl on a small
lighted stage

What a clean, young body
in such a clear, bright
light

Certainly
the only place
most of them
would ever be likely
to see
anything like that